

striking

with nature and HUMANITY

Janet Kuypers reading poetry & prose
from her book "Close Cover Before Striking"
in her Evanston IL "Trunk Fest" 06/25/11 feature

GUILT

I was walking down the street one evening,
it was about 10:30,
I was walking from my office to my car.
I had to cross over the river to get to it,
and I noticed a homeless man
leaning against the railing,
not looking over,
but looking toward the sidewalk,
holding a plastic cup in his hand.
A 32-ounce cup,
one of the ones you get at Taco Bell across the river.
Plastic.
Refillable.

Normally I don't donate anything to homeless people,
because usually they just spend the money
on alcohol or cigarettes or cocaine or something,
and I don't want to help them with their habit.
Besides, even if they do use my money for good food,
my giving them money
will only help them for a few hours,
and I'd have to keep giving them money
all of their life in order for them to survive.
Once you've given money,
donated something to them,
then you're bound to them,
in a way,
and you want to see that they'll turn out okay.
Besides,
he should be working for a living,
like me,
leaving my office in the middle of the night,
and not out asking for hand outs.

I'm getting off the subject here...
Oh,
yes,
I was walking along the sidewalk
on the side of the bridge,
and the homeless man was there.
You see,
they know to stand on the sidewalks
on the bridge
because once you start walking on the bridge
you have to walk up to them,
and the entire time you're made to feel guilty
for having money and not giving them any.
They even have some sort of set-up
where certain people work certain bridges.

Well,
wait,
I'm doing it again...
Well,
I was walking there,
but it wasn't like I was going to lunch,
which is the time I normally see this homeless man,
because during lunch
there are lots of lights and lots of people around
and lots of cars driving by and I'm not alone
and I have somewhere to go
and I don't have the time to stop what I'm doing
and think about him.

Well,
anyway,
I was walking toward him,
step by step getting closer,
and it was so dark
and there were these spotlights
that seemed to just beat down on me
while I was walking.
I felt like the whole world was watching me,
but there was no one else around,
no one except for that homeless man.
And I got this really strange feeling,
kind of in the pit of my stomach,
and my knees were feeling a little weak,
like every time
I was bending my leg to take a step
my knee would just give out
and I might fall right there,
on the sidewalk.
I even started to feel a little dizzy
while I was on the bridge,
so I figured the best thing I could do
was just get across the bridge as soon as possible.

I figured it had to be being on the bridge
that made me feel that way,
for I get a bit queasy when I'm near water.
I don't usually have that problem during lunch
when I walk over the bridge and back again,
but I figured that since I was alone
I was able to think about all that water.
With my knees feeling the way they were
I was afraid I was going to fall into the water,
so I had to get myself together
and just march right across the bridge,
head locked forward,
looking at nothing around the sidewalk,
nothing on the sidewalk,
until I got to the other side.

And when I crossed,
the light-headed feeling just kind of went away,
and I still felt funny,
but I felt better.
I thought that was the funniest thing.

WHEN YOU'RE GONE

i know you'll be back
to take more from me

i always wonder
how much more i have to give
how much more i possess

sometimes i wonder
if i am spent
if i can take any more

but i always do
and you're always there

when you're gone
there will be

someone else

i know it

OUR LADY OF HUMILITY'S HYPOCRISY

saw hypocrisy
in a bumper sticker today:

“Proud Parent of
our lady of humility
Honor Student”

REASON TO STAND

The dying weeping willow
looked like a thin, frail old man

trying to stand in the wind
when he cannot find a reason
to stand

DREAMS TURNED INTO NIGHTMARES

Analyze this.
Get yourself on track.
All men are scum anyway,
Christ,
this was just your reaffirmation of it.
None of these people really matter.
Just get back to your work,
get yourself focused again.
That's how to demonstrate your worth.

You don't care about your work.
Who are you trying to impress?
Let it pile up. It doesn't matter.

God, why does it always feel like this?
Why is it that you have to
depend on others for your worth,
and when there is one little crumb of affection
thrown at you,
you savor it and pray
that it's a sign for more
and you hope
and your pray
and then when nothing comes
it's all the same again
except this time
all of your hopes are shot.

Why are there times like this when you feel so alone?
There are other times when you relish in your solitude.

Look at the dishes pile up.
You should be doing laundry.
Slob.
Bitch.
Can't even clean up after yourself.

Why does everything have to hurt you so much?
Why are you crying so much more now?
Why do you look for ways to feel bad, reasons to cry?
What do you feel guilty for?

Why do you go through this?

Oh, don't even try to daydream
and get yourself out of this.
It will always be the same, you have to remember that.
You can try to dream that you deserve something better,
but don't bother.
You will always keep trying,
with the hope that it will get better,
and you will keep failing,
every single god-damn time,
and that's the way it will go,
forever and ever,
on and on.

It won't stop, not until you do.

Can you resign yourself to this?
Can you resign yourself to not trying,
or are you going to keep building your hopes up
for nothing?

What is the good of anything that you've done?
Are you any happier for it?
God, how do you go through these cycles?
How the Hell can you deal with it?
There's got to be a way to get out of it.

Try not to think of it.

You're so lonely.

All you've got left to you is your mind,
and it's destroying you, slowly.

When will it destroy you altogether?

When?
It's only a matter of time.

Why do you dream? Are you trying to escape reality?
Are you trying to create a new reality?

I think you dream and dream
until you think that it's all actually real,
and then when someone in your life
proves your dream wrong
your whole world falls to pieces.

Pieces.
Little pieces.
Look, there goes a few now.
Try to pick them up,
you're going to lose them if you don't pick them up
and try to piece them back together again,
and then you'll be destroyed.

Can you create a new dream with what you have left?
You want to slip into it again.
It's what keeps you alive, keeps you going.
It's the only thing that gives you hope.

But what the Hell do you need that hope for?
You'll be let down, you know it,
if you can step down from that dream of yours.
Just get out of it! Just stop.
All these good dreams keep reminding you
of what it could be like,
if only you were someone else,
if only you were someone liked
and successful and important.

And those bad dreams,
those are your way of punishing yourself for dreaming.
Your mind slips them in there,
when no one else is looking,
and then,
because you live in your dreams so much,
you have to play it out,
and then you'll cry and cry
and there's nothing you can do.

You can't face up to it, can you?
You'll be no better than this.
Your life will be no better than this.
Nothing will be better than this,
better than dreams turned into nightmares.

I WANT

i want a big house with filtered central air
and i want a big lawn so i can recreate nature

and i want a big fence so i'll know what's mine

and i want the evergreens trimmed into neat little
balls, because it has to look neat. plant everything
in a row.

and i want to spray chemicals on my lawn
to keep the dandelions away

and i want a plastic lobster bib
over my fancy dress at the fancy restaurant

and don't forget the hundred dollar champagne

and i want a big fat car, and i want
someone else to drive it

and i want the two kids, one boy, one girl
and i want a nanny to take care of them for me

i want to be famous
i want everyone to love me

i want it
i want it all

06/25/11 TRUNK FEST *Evansville IL performance*

STREAMING

with nature and HUMANITY

JANET KUYPERS

[HTTP://WWW.JANETKUYPERS.COM](http://www.janetkuypers.com)

scarspublications

published in conjunction with **cc&d** magazine

the unreligious, nonfamily-oriented literary and art magazine

ccandd96@scars.tv

<http://scars.tv>

ISSN 1068-5154

INTERNET ISSN #1555-1555

the Copyright for the written pieces is retained by the author. Design Copyright © 2011 Scars Publications and Design

other publications from Scars:

Magazines: *Children, Churches and Daddies* (cc&d magazine) founded June 1993; *Down in the Dirt*, conceived 1994, founded 2000

Books: *Hopsi Chast in the Attic, the Windows, Close Cover Before Striking (Woman), Autumn Reason, Contents Under Pressure, the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism), Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blisters, Etc., Ovario, Exavo Versus, L'arto, the Other Side, The Boss Lady's Editorials, The Boss Lady's Editorials (2005 Expanded Edition), Duality, Seeing Things Differently, Change/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Eleven, Life on Cafe Alaska, Creams, Rough Mixers, The Entropy Project, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Sleep, Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction, c&d v1#7.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), Bitter & Bure (the Kuypers edition), SKM, c&d v1#7.5 Distinguished Writings editor edition, Living in Chains, Silent Screams, Taking It All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Golegogos, Chapter 38 (v1, v2 & v3), Finally, Literature for the Swooty and Elite (v1, v2 & part 1) • Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kuypers, Evolution, (tweet), Get Your Buzz On, Janet & Jean Together, po-em, Taking Poetry to the Streets, the Cane-Cide Chi-town Union, the Written Word, Dual, Prepare Her for This, Uncerrot, Living in a Big World, Pulled the Trigger, Venture to the Unknown, Janet Kuypers: Enriched, She's an Open Book, "40", Sexism and Other Stories, the Stories of Women, Sulphur & So what, Slate & Marrow, B Ester & Burn, Rinse & Repeat, Survive & Thrive, (not so) Warm & Fuzzy, Torture & Triumph, Oh, the Elements, Side A/Side B, Balance, Chaos Theory, Writing to Honour & Cherish, Distinguished Writings, Breaking Silence, Unlocking the Mysteries, the Book of Stars, We The Poets, Life on the Edge, Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets, Decepted Remnants, Charred Remnants, Hope & Creation, Bending the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling through the Dirt, Lying the Grimdark, Weathered, rhybe, Ink in my Blood, (bound) (4 volumes), Enriched Poetry, c&d Enriched Prose, Enriched with Dirt, An Open Book, Live every Town Hall (2 editions), Give What You Can, Down in the Net v#8.4, Come Fly With Me, Cheering the Debits, Sections & Sequences, Six Six Six, Skeletal Remnants, Out of the Web, Don't Tread on Me, Lines of Intensity, In testing the Ice Age, When the World Settles, Into the White, Along the Surface, Lif... From Nothing, the Line to Power, Fear the Forsaken, Down in It, Falling into Place, Wake Up and Smell the Flowers, Unknown, Looking Beyond, Forever Bound, See the World Burn, Infamous in our Prime, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Windmill, Changing Woman, the Swan Road, the Significance of the Frontier, The Svetosvatora Unpunished, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Malaga, Memento Mori, In the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, the Drive, Thomas at Tea, Crashing Down Nineteenth, Blue Collar Ballet, napsun, In Your Heart the Apostrophe's Treadrops of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), Deckard Kinder / Charlie Newman, 12 Times 12 Equals Green, a Marble Node Pauline Borchese with a Marble Apple in her Marble Hand, Challenge of Mind and Day and Chicago Poems, Lighten Up, Not Far From Here, Watershed, You Have Finally Won, Avenue C, Suburban Rhythms, Downs Syndrome, the Dark Side of Love, the pill is a man's best friend, Angie's Syllable is Good Boss of Devil's Spine, Poems and Stories From The Blue Collar Book of the Dead, Cat People, Death of an Angel*

Compact Discs: *Mom's Favorite Voice* the demo tapes, *Kuypers the final [MFV Inclusive], Woods and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Acing* Something is Sweating, *The Second Acing* Live in Alaska, *Pattes & Kuypers* Live at Cafe Alaska, *Paintless Orchestra* Rough Mises, *Kuypers* Seeing Things Differently, *50/50* Tick Tick, *Kuypers* Change Rearrange, *Order From Chaos* The Entropy Project, *Kuypers* Six One One, *Kuypers* Stop, *Kuypers* Masterful Performances, *mp3 CD, Kuypers* Death Comes in Threes, *Kuypers* Changing Gears, *Kuypers* Dreams, *Kuypers* Show Do! Get There?, *Kuypers* Content + Conflict + Control, *the DMJ Art Connection* the DMJ Art Connection, *Kuypers* Questions in a World Without Answers, *Kuypers* SIN, *Kuypers* WZRO Radio [2 CD set], *Mom's Favorite Voice* and *The Second Acing* These Truths, *assorted artist* String Theory, Oh (audio CD), *Life At The Cafe* [3 CD set], *the DMJ Art Connection* Indian Flux, *the DMJ Art Connection* Manic Depressive or Something, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #1, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #2, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #3, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #4, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #5, *Chaotic Radio* the Chaotic Collection Collection #01/05 [5 CD set] etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), *Chaotic Elements* [2 CD set], *Chaos in Motion* [6 CD set], *50/50* Screaming to a Hall (EP), *PR&T* Two for the Price of One (EP), *Kiki, Joke and Haycock* An American Parable, *Kuypers/the Eastern Trio/Paul Baker/the Jackson Powers Trio* Fusion [4 CD set], *podcasts* the Evolution of Performance Art [13 CD set], *Kuypers* Live [14 CD set], *the DMJ Art Connection* the Things They Did to You [2 CD set], *Kuypers* Sings a Psychiatrist [3 CD set], *Kuypers* St. Paul's [3 CD set], *Kuypers* and the *Hillman* of South Africa Burn Through Me [2 CD set]